

THE FLORIST

Not far from Birmingham's market,
sitting between her buckets and her barrow,
the little florist sells flowers.

Her presence brings a human warmth
to this industrial city, sad and cold.

Opposite St. Michael's Church,
lost between the grey skyscrapers,
she plies her trade the whole year through.

In summer she wears cotton clothes;
a sheepskin coat in winter.

Her diminutive figure, selling blooms,
is like a smile, full of hope;
for the passer-by, a model for living.

I don't know her name, nor where she lives,
but the sight of her, year on year,
evokes a deep message:
no-one journeys through life alone!

Coventry, Winter 2012